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COVER: Generally regarded as the most prized of waterfowl, at least among the diving species, the canvasback usually concentrates heavily in Virginia and Maryland in late winter and has been especially abundant on the lower Potomac River in recent seasons. Our artist, Herb Jones, Norfolk, has achieved national recognition during the past few years and says he attributes some of his success to use of his art on *Virginia Wildlife* covers.

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EDITORIAL

Preserving Traditional Values

NO matter how fine and laudable a thing may be, its goodness can be perverted and its values spoiled. Even the celebration of Christmas is often marred by wrong motivation and emphasis upon the gaudy, the loud, the vulgar, the cheap and the frivolous. No, there is nothing at all wrong with fun and amusement, with moving vast quantities of merchandise over the counter, or with the profit motive; but when these preoccupations pervert the traditional, reverent spirit of Christmas something very precious seems to get lost.

The spirit in which we take our outdoor recreation and use our natural resources can be perverted, too, by wrong emphasis and wrong motivation, and just plain thoughtlessness. And again something very precious is lost. A desire to possess, or an urge to display personal prowess, may overshadow the ability to enjoy a rewarding experience; and a matter of momentary personal convenience may loom larger than consideration of the rights of others.

For instance, a stroller's fancy is struck by a particular tree, or shrub, or branch of flowering dogwood. He digs it up or breaks it off and takes it home. Another sees nothing wrong with littering the landscape with rubbish. To another a fence is an obstacle, but he has brought along a small wire cutter with which to deal with just such an inconvenience. A gunner needs practice, and why put up targets when there are convenient signs to pepper? There's a bird he cannot identify? Shoot it, just to see what it is!

The true spirit in which hunting can be legitimately practiced and enjoyed is often perverted when the hunting ethic is ignored, and shooting and killing for their own sake become the dominant objectives of the hunter. There are people who bring home double their daily limit when they have the opportunity. There are people who continue to hunt deer after taking their season limit, and there are those who take them at night, with the aid of powerful lights. Most of us have seen dove hunters so anxious not to miss the next shot that they could not be bothered with searching diligently for a bird downed in thick cover. These people are the spoilers, who pervert the true spirit and tradition of hunting.

It has been said that the length of our waterfowl hunting seasons and the daily bag limits probably could be doubled if every bird hit by a hunter's shot were retrieved and counted in the legal bag. Traditionally and ethically, retrieving is as much a part of hunting as is shooting. Still, many birds are lost because there are shooters who refuse really to "hunt" for anything, especially a dead or crippled duck, and many more are crippled and lost by optimists who insist on believing that their magnums were designed to kill at 100 yards. Those who indulge in such thoughtless and irresponsible shooting pervert the true spirit and tradition of hunting.

In America our hunting tradition is a heritage of the frontier, and a part of that tradition was the frontiersman's "one shot, one buck" philosophy. The real frontiersman had to travel light. Therefore he could not afford to waste. He could not afford to shoot promiscuously at that for which he had no use. His objective was not to see how much ammunition he could burn, but rather to get by on as few shots as possible, to make a clean kill with every one, and to retrieve what he shot. His motivation was frugality; his emphasis was on skill, care, and self-restraint.

If the meaning and value of our most precious traditions, including our traditional use and enjoyment of abundant outdoor resources, are to be retained we must not permit them to be perverted by unworthy motivation, wrong emphasis, and just plain thoughtlessness.

Merry Christmas!—J. F. Mc.

LETTERS

I READ your *Virginia Wildlife* every month and enjoy it very much. I am a dyed-in-the-wool rabbit hunter and love it.

I have been hunting rabbits for over 20 years, have had some good dogs and some bad ones. For the past 10 years or so I have used the 13" beagles, and in my opinion they are the best—not too fast or too slow. They push a rabbit at the right speed without overrunning him. Short legs keep their noses close to the ground, and they don't have any trouble going in brush piles.

The reason for this letter is as follows: I am tired of hearing rabbit hunters say, we just can't find rabbits; there aren't any this year. They are wrong. The rabbits are there; it's just knowing where to look. Last season my brother and I killed about 71. So here are a few tips on how we find our cottontails.

Typical rabbit cover embraces a wide variety of different terrain. Patches of thick brush with open spaces between are usually good. Hedgerows, swamps and swales, briar clumps, old orchards, weedy patches, line fences, and open fields near wooded areas—all harbor cottontails. In hunting rabbits kick all brush piles. You have to kick good; jump up and down hard. Sometimes if it is very cold a rabbit won't come out the first time you kick. He will sit tight. You may walk over all grades of bunnies if you go too fast. Walk slowly; stop and look well. A favorite place in very cold weather is at the base of a tree where there is a little foliage. The rabbit will back up to the tree on the opposite side of the cold wind. Look closely and you can see the large black eyes looking at you. Don't shoot a rabbit in his bed. Be a good sportsman, give him a chance, and he will give you a lot of fun.

I can't think of any music I'd rather hear than two or more good beagles singing out the trail of a cottontail. If you jump a rabbit and the dogs take him off, stay within 10 to 15 yards of the spot; he will come back if the dogs keep after him. Listen well to your dogs; try to determine where they are at all times. If they lose the trail and come back to you, take them to where you last heard the barking. Walk around in a large circle with the dogs behind you; keep talking to the dogs and telling them to go. Nine times out of ten they will pick up the trail again. You go back where the rabbit got up. If they jump him again, he will go back. Stand still; don't move around or talk. You will be surprised how effective this is. If you don't move, a rabbit cannot see you.

These tips are things my father taught me and things that I have learned from my experience in hunting rabbits. The sport is very good exercise for the body and mind.

I recommend rabbit hunting and hope my little tips will give inexperienced rabbit hunters a little edge on the cottontail. Believe me, they will need it.

Herbert R. Walker
Hampton

Thanks, from all us inexperienced rabbit hunters. We will be waiting anxiously to hear whether you find as many again this year, and in the meantime will do a little checking on our own.—Ed.

A Memorable Occasion

By HAROLD A. TRUMBO
Supervising Game Biologist

IT was a cold, frosty morning in early December: the temperature hovered just above 20°, and there was enough wind to make the weather disagreeable, the leaves noisy. Although it could not be considered a good morning for hunting, especially for an eleven-year-old boy, I had promised to take my son hunting this Saturday.

The enthusiasm of the youngster was great, almost to the point of being pesky about the time, place and equipment. The same enthusiasm had reached this height earlier in the fall when he was allowed to use part of his savings for the necessary licenses. This in itself was quite a decision. At what age does a father let his son handle a loaded gun in the woods? With all the accidents caused by sheer carelessness and over-anxiousness, there was great reluctance to permit it at all. Even though I would be close by, it would not be the same as sitting behind him in target practice, directing every move. During previous target shooting and a few groundhog hunts, the lad showed his eagerness to learn and use proper gun handling, and here was the opportunity to put this into practice and gain additional experience, possibly sportsmanship.

It was the last day of the deer season but the chance of bagging a deer seemed remote, so it was decided to try for squirrels. (There was a turkey caller tucked away in my coat just in case.) With a youngster, and his short-lived patience, it's more important to be able to shoot at something, even if it's a tin can, than just to sit or walk for hours. As in fishing, as long as most youngsters catch something, they're

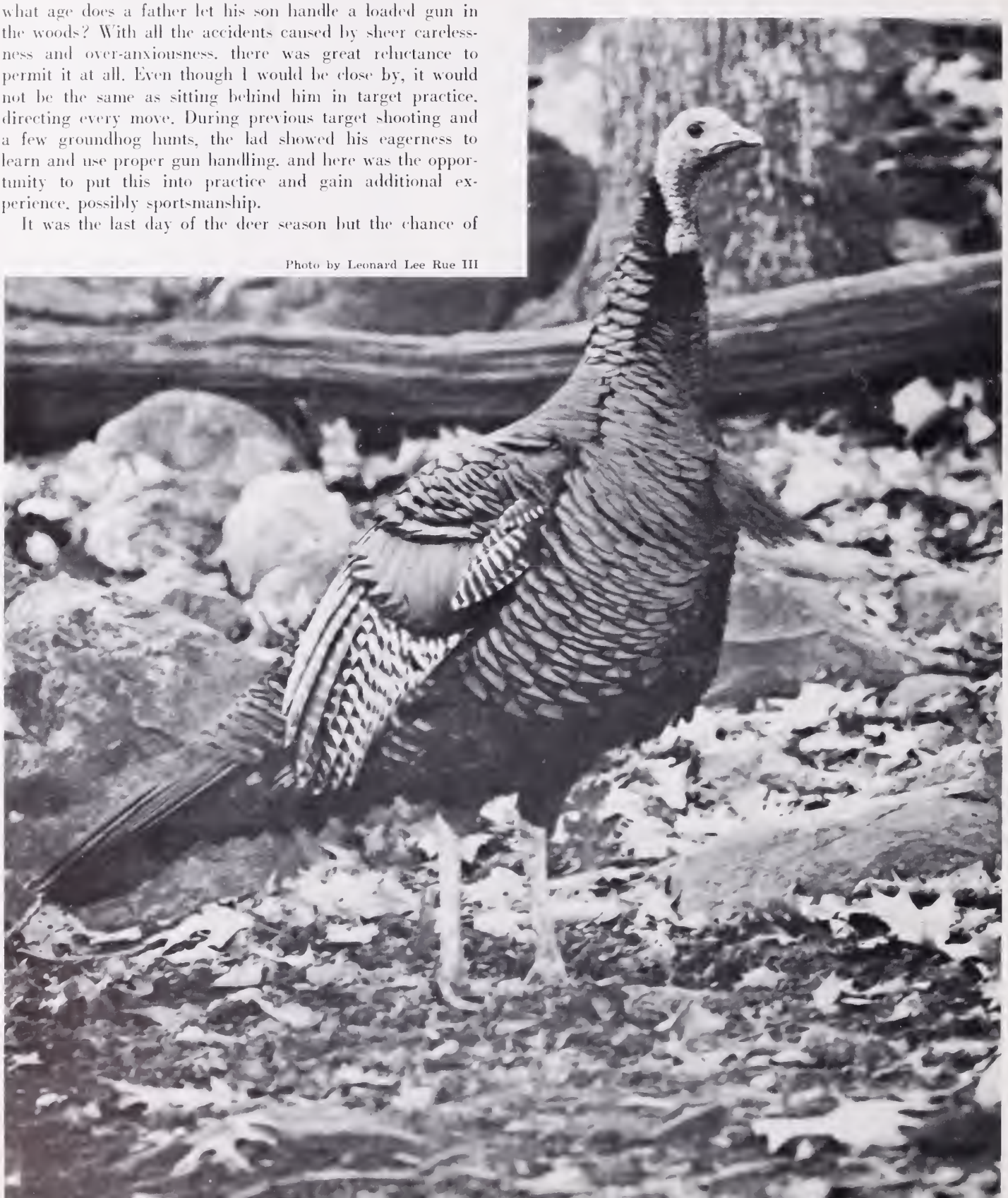


Photo by Leonard Lee Rue III

happy.

Because of weather conditions it seemed best to leave about 7:00 a.m. and not subject him to extreme conditions, although he would have been willing to leave at 3:00! I recall other mornings, when taking grouse and turkey censuses in the spring, that he tumbled out of bed at the first call.

The area selected was one containing National Forest and unposted private land and was noted for good squirrel and turkey hunting. Most of it was an oak-hickory complex bordered by abandoned fields, some of which were planted to grains and clover as a game management practice. Earlier trips into the area revealed an abundance of acorns (red, scarlet and black oak), grape entanglements and a good supply of fresh water.

Although it had been daylight for several hours, the sun had not shed much of its warmth on the area, especially on the west side of the ridges and into coves. I began to wonder if we wouldn't be better off back in a warm basement repairing fishing tackle! With an anxious eye I observed the movements of the lad as he prepared to remove his gun from the car and load it. I was also pleased with what I saw: the safety was checked and the gun was always pointing in the right direction. These observations continued as fences and ereeks were crossed and as we moved through the woods. Some of the ridges were covered with frost; this, too, required extra precautions for fear of slipping. Dry leaves are slick enough at best, and, when covered with frost, make walking pretty difficult.

The wind wasn't strong but just enough to rustle the leaves and sting our face. It soon became evident that the squirrels weren't moving; in fact it was too cold to sit at one place long enough to really find out. When my son said, "Boy, My feet sure are getting cold!" I knew we just had to keep moving. This had been his only complaint, for getting him to stay in the woods with a gun hasn't been a problem! Across the ridge in front of us was a cove which contained large oaks and hickories and might offer some protection against the wind. On the way over we were quiet as possible just in case we saw a squirrel and to teach him to remain alert and cautious. The cove did provide protection from the wind, but the squirrels weren't feeding over there either. It became evident that there would not be much shooting, and I tried to think of some place we could go for target practice or crow shooting.

Just as we decided to return to the car, I noticed a small amount of turkey scratching. The odds seemed great against locating turkeys, but there was nothing to lose by yelping a few times. I gave a series of yelps with my mouth caller and we both listened intently for several minutes; nothing. I tried again and immediately a turkey answered just above us on a low ridge—and not far off! There wasn't enough time to more than scrape the leaves away from the base of a clump of maples and hunker down. We could hear an occasional call and these were closer each time. Here, also, the youngster had the experience of almost literally freezing, yet undoubtedly he forgot it as the turkeys came closer. Surely the imagination can't fathom the experience of trying to keep a cold boy immobile, his gun free and watch for turkeys! But continuous whispers of, "Don't move a muscle!" and the thrill of the situation did the job. Then to hear him whisper, "I see it!" Sure enough, not one but two turkeys emerged like ghosts from the underbrush and came straight toward us. I couldn't see the second bird but my son could. Even when the birds were first sighted they were within range but not in the clear. Closer and closer they came until, suspecting something, they stopped short. It was a matter of seconds until they would figure it out. Although I had a bird in my sights, this was to be his shot. And shoot he did when instructed, but it was a clean miss! As the birds took to the air both of us shot again but more misses. I realized later that some briars were in his way and he had to move in order to shoot.

L. L. Rue III photo

It was only a matter of seconds. I had a bird in my sights, but this was to be the boy's shot.

As we watched the birds disappear over the next ridge, there was no look of disappointment on the lad's face for having missed his first turkey, although he must have felt it. He seemed overjoyed at having had such an experience. It wasn't by design that I missed those flying turkeys, twice, but surely it was easier on the boy that I did.

Truly, this was a meatless hunt, but you can be sure there were thrills and enjoyment in every minute of it. The experience for both, young and old, was priceless!

OLD PADDLETAIL NEVER QUITS

By W. H. TAYLOR
District Game Biologist

I FIRST got to know old "Paddle-Tail" in 1964 while doing some work on beaver ponds on the Quantico Marine Corps Base.

The Quantico reservation has its share of beaver colonies, and the water impounded by their dams covers enough acres to attract migrating and wintering puddle ducks. In an attempt to improve this duck habitat we developed a plan to draw down the water in the beaver ponds and hold it down during the summer growing season, plant the bottoms to various duck foods, and then let the beavers flood the areas again when the duck food had ripened and in time for the arrival of the ducks. Old Paddle-Tail's ponds just happened to be the first ones that we picked to work on.

The plan was to break the dams and install control pipes (beaver pipes) to keep the water level above the dams at about 18 inches below normal so that millet and other duck foods could be grown. Old Paddle-Tail had other ideas concerning water levels in a properly managed beaver pond.

With materials and equipment loaded I joined Major Windsor, Marine Corps Base Game Manager, and his game management crew for our first attempt at beaver pond control. We moved into Training Area (TA) 9 to open the first two dams in the planned project. By 10:30 a.m. we had opened the two dams, one above the other on the same stream, and had about 18 inches of water flowing through the breaks. Thinking it would be easier if we let the water drain down before inserting the control pipes, which would let water pass through the dams at the desired height, we moved on to break three other dams on another stream.

Left: We opened the dams and had 18 inches of water flowing through the breaks by 10:30 a.m. Right: By 1:30 p.m. Old Paddletail had them repaired.

At 1:30 p.m. just three hours later, we returned for our first real confrontation with Paddle-Tail and his mate. Much to our surprise the breaks in both dams, one above the other and 150 feet apart, had been repaired sufficiently that no water was flowing. A loud slap, like the sound of a flat board or paddle striking the water, let us know that Paddle-Tail was present, resentful of the intrusion, and impatient to get on with his repairs.

We again broke the dams and left, planning to put the pipes in the following morning. But alas, at 9:00 a.m. we found the dams almost completely repaired and old Paddle-Tail and his mate still hard at work. This time we knew we would have to put in the control pipes and let the water drain through them. Old Paddle-Tail did not intend to let *his* water drain away through any break in *his* dam.

The plan was to experiment with two types of control pipes, one of six inch plastic, the other of wood. The wooden pipe was made of 1½" x 12" x 12' boards. Three of the boards were nailed together to form a trough, and then the open side of the trough was covered with two inch wide strips, running crosswise, with ½ inch to ¾ inch wide cracks between the strips. The idea was that with water entering the pipe from the bottom through these narrow openings the beaver would have more difficulty finding where the water was escaping, and blocking the openings, than if the water entered the pipe through a single rectangular intake at the upstream end.

We chose to thwart Paddle-Tail's efforts with a wooden pipe through each dam. Two twelve-foot sections were fastened together to make each drain, so that the intakes could extend into the ponds about twelve feet above the dams, and the outlet ends could extend about two feet below the dams.

While we were installing the two pipes Paddle-Tail vented his anger by whacking the water with his tail. He appeared to be a good sized adult, and we estimated that he would weigh about forty pounds. His hind foot tracks on the fresh mud of the dam measured about five inches long.

After installation we moved on to the other dams to rebreak them and install other control pipes. Although these other beaver did not match old Paddle-Tail in quick repairs, they were ingenious in selection of building materials. One dam was literally wired together. Abandoned field telephone wire had been used in the dam and once sticks and mud were pushed into place it was as if the beaver had methodically wired the sticks together. At one dam two wooden balls were found that had been carved by the beaver. One was about the size of a baseball, the other a little larger than a softball. Could it be that the beaver played ball? We never saw a game. They simply *couldn't* have carved these round balls to use as plugs in our round plastic pipes, could they?

The plastic pipes were assembled in twenty-foot sections, with an elbow on the upstream end, so that the actual intake faced downward and would thus be harder to locate and plug. The pipes were wired to stakes driven into the pond bottoms, with the intakes located about eighteen inches from the bottoms.

Above: We found two wooden "balls" carved by the beaver. Right: Beaver do not like to travel far on land, so they dig canals that lead to standing timber when trees closest to their ponds have been felled.

Now, had Paddle-Tail and his relatives gone along with the plan everything would have been fine, but they did not even read the plan. By the next day all dams had been repaired over and around the pipes, but finding the "leaks" that allowed water to run through the pipes was a bit puzzling to all. Paddle-Tail's cousin, with one of the plastic pipes to contend with, eventually solved his problem by building a pyramid of mud up from the bottom to the intake and sealing the opening. The elbow did not fool him for long. Another shoved sticks into the outlet end and slowed the flow but did not quite stop it completely. Old Paddle-Tail just set to work and built a new dam around the whole pipe at one dam, thus isolating it from the rest of the pond! On the other he worked along the whole length of the wooden pipe and plugged the cracks. Paddle-Tail did about what we expected of him, except that he did it a little faster.

From review of previous work with beaver control (Laramie, *Journal of Wildlife Management*, 1963) we expected that periodic checking and cleaning would be necessary. The beaver pipes had to be cleared every three to four weeks in order to maintain the desired water levels until the millet matured sufficiently to stand flooding. The pipes were then removed and Paddle-Tail and his relatives quickly rebuilt their dams. Serenity was restored to the beaver ponds. The ponds flooded back to their original levels, but now they contained an ample supply of food for hungry waterfowl.

The struggle has been resumed each summer with Paddle-Tail and his cousins. Several lessons have been learned, and techniques improved for control of beaver dam flooding. For the benefit of those who might wish to use pipes to control flooding by nuisance beaver, we can pass along several tips.

Have your pipes made up and ready to install at the time you first break the dams. Otherwise, the beaver will repair the breaks overnight.

Install the pipes with the inlet about a foot *lower* than the outlet. This will insure that when the water in the pond is at the desired level the inlet will still be under water. If it emerges at the surface as the water falls, it will be plugged immediately.

Once pipes are in they will require regular, periodic clearing. More than one pipe may be needed to carry the normal flow of water in the stream. Laramie (1963) found that where more than one pipe is needed to carry the stream flow, the pipes should be separated as far as possible to discourage plugging by the beaver. Where it is necessary to place pipes close together, the intakes should be separated by laying the pipes in a fan shape with the outlets converging as necessary.

At Quantico the wooden pipes worked better than the plastic ones, until holes were drilled in the bottoms of the plastic pipes and the intake ends plugged. The downward-facing elbows did not foil the beavers for long. At least 24 feet of pipe was needed for satisfactory performance.

Where flooding is the problem and it is not desired that the beaver be destroyed, water level control pipes appear to be a satisfactory solution. They can be installed for permanent control of the water level, but they will require periodic checking and clearing as the beaver will work constantly to plug them, and in time they will succeed.

Left: Wooden drain pipe installed. It worked better than the plastic type at left, until holes were drilled along the bottom of the plastic pipe.

Nature's Rip Van Winkles

By WALLACE OBAUGH
Hinton

YOU remember the sad story of Rip Van Winkle. He went squirrel hunting to get away from a nagging wife, and met a crew of spectre Dutchmen who gave him a drink so potent that he was twenty years sleeping it off.

Nature has many Rip Van Winkles. In our Virginia climate, most of the insects spend the winter months in a state of deep torpor. The only exceptions are the food storers, honey bees and some ants, and a few unmentionable parasites and household pests.

So do our reptiles and amphibians. Frogs, toads, and turtles bury themselves in mud. Snakes and lizards find their winter bedrooms in hollow logs or in the deep crevices of a rocky ledge.

But the winter sleepers that appeal to our imaginations are the mammals, warm-blooded creatures like ourselves. With the mind's eye we see them sleeping soundly in their dens, safely hidden from snow and numbing wind, and think of them almost with envy.

Among these there are two general stages of sleep: deep and light. The encyclopedias call them true and partial hibernations. In true hiberation the animal sleeps all winter; in the light state he drowses through the colder days or weeks, stirring out in milder periods.

The deep sleepers are found among rodents, as prairie dogs and our old friend the groundhog, and among insect eaters like bats and the European hedgehog. One exception is the badger, who belongs to the weasel family.

Partial hibernators are represented by the skunk, squirrel, and opossum.

In each class there are variations in both the depth of sleep and the length of the nap. It depends partly on the species, and partly on the severity of the climate.

Bears are often thought of as sleeping all winter. Perhaps in the northern fringes of his range the black bear does approach true hibernation, but not in Virginia. Ask any bear hunter. Farther south, as in the Everglades of Florida, he does not hibernate at all. Polar bears and grizzlies do not hibernate, except that the females seek a secluded den to serve as a maternity ward and nursery, and doze away most of their confinement.

The Why of hibernation is plain. It is nature's way of providing for some of her creatures for whom there is no winter's food supply.

Bears "den up" during the worst winter weather, but their sleep seldom approaches true hibernation.

L. L. Rue III photo

L. L. Rue III photo

"The hibernating woodchuck skirts the fine line that divides the living from the dead."

The How is less clearly understood. Is the sleep caused by a change in body chemistry? If so, what change, and how is it brought about? Does the animal have a built-in timer that responds to the rhythms of the seasons? How does it work? The scientists have their educated guesses, but not all the answers. Theories that seem to explain some cases do not work with others.

Some of the facts about hibernation are well known. Those that follow relate to our furry neighbors, the mammals, and not necessarily to other types.

The internal activities decrease greatly. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* says, for example, that the heart beat of one kind of ground squirrel falls from a normal speed of about three hundred a minute to from seven to ten. The breathing, and all other workings of the inwards, slow down in proportion. The pulse and respiration can hardly be detected. The animal appears to be lifeless.

Two of our better nature writers, both speaking about the groundhog, describe this inert condition in similar language. John Burroughs wrote this: "The fire of life still burns; but very faintly and slowly, as with the draughts all closed and the ashes heaped up."

Edwin Way Peale echoes him: "The flame of life, for months on end, sinks so low that it almost—but not quite—goes out. The hibernating woodchuck skirts the fine line that divides the living from the dead."

With the lowering of the vital activities comes a drop in body heat. In true hibernators the temperature falls almost as low as that of the surrounding air, but stops short of freezing. The partial hibernators cool down some, but not that much.

In a cold place, animals in deep hibernation may be handled without being awakened. When placed near a fire, they rouse enough to wander off in search of a cool hiding place, where they go back to sleep.

The animal prepares for hibernation by building a large reserve of fat. A woodchuck may weigh twice as much when he retires as he will when he re-emerges. During the dormant period this fat is absorbed into the blood and used as food. It also serves as insulation.

Animals go into hibernation when they are fat enough, sometimes when the weather is still warm and food plentiful. They awaken when the fat has been used up, usually in early spring when the air is cool and the pickings still slim.

Females tend to get fatter, and sleep longer, than males. Our early-stirring, weather-predicting groundhog is a male, and he is more interested in finding the den of a potential mate than in looking for his shadow. After the honeymoon they stay mostly underground for awhile, but their winter's nap is over.

Never An Off Season

By JACK RANDOLPH
Springfield

LAST winter I attended a preview of a new outdoor TV show in Washington, D. C. I was extremely impressed with the films but utterly dismayed to learn that the program was scheduled to appear Saturday afternoons.

"Why Saturday afternoon?" I asked one of the staff. "That's when most of us are out hunting or fishing."

"Oh, you'll have plenty of opportunities to see it," came the reassuring reply. "We'll be on the air mostly during the off season."

There was no object in continuing the conversation. How can you tell someone about the Chickahominy River, a stream that has no off season? Would he appreciate those days when the river runs black and slick between snow-clad banks while fishermen sit deceptively warm in their boats waiting for a rock or bass to make off with their bait? Only a hard-core angler could appreciate this fishing. When I mention winter fishing to others, I'm often viewed as some sort of creature from outer space.

Once I was one of those anglers who carefully cleaned his tackle and stored it away for the winter, but I've learned better. Now all I do to my tackle is clean my reels to remove heavy summer grease which jells and makes them sluggish in cold. For winter work a light machine oil is all the reels require. If some of the reels are loaded with light lines, 8 pound test or lighter, the lines are replaced with heavier ones testing from 12 to 15 pounds. In cold weather monofilament tends to stiffen and light lines sometimes snap. Insect repellent is removed from the tackle box along with most of the surface lures, to be replaced by a can or two of Sterno for heating coffee and hands.

October and November are excellent months to fish the Chickahominy. With the heat of summer gone all species of fish hit well, and large numbers of anglers turn out to get in on the fun. These numbers deteriorate quickly, however, with the opening of hunting season. Save for the duck hunters and a few die hard fishermen the Chickahominy is deserted.

From late November well into March the "Chick" is the domain of the most devoted anglers who quietly take stringers of rockfish, bass, crappie, pickerel and perch that would draw attention on any summer Sunday. These are the anglers that get the most out of the river. Virtually alone on the water without the roar of large outboard motors or the shrill cries of water skiers, they enjoy the river to the fullest. It is they who sometimes see otter exploring along the banks or watch an eagle harass a flock of coots. On a quiet day they can fish the glassy river without apprehension that it will soon be shattered by wakes of racing boats. There's more to winter on the Chick than catching fish, but this they do too.

There are really two brands of fishing on the Chickahominy. Above the dam, in the lake, where the tidal influence is hardly felt, pickerel, crappie and bass dominate the winter scene. Crappie perhaps have the largest following.

In tight schools the crappie bunch up and provide fast action to cane-pole fishermen using small live minnows. The experts know of the usual crappie haunts in deeper water in the lake proper, fifty yards or so off the mouth of Fox's Creek or over the sunken rowboats in front of Ed Allen's Camp.

To locate schools of crappie I often use my electronic fish locator. Usually I find them somewhere between 9 and 15 feet below the surface. Incidentally, if you use an electronic locator you'll find it to be tremendously effective for finding crappie on large lakes such as the Chickahominy.

Pickerel, called "pike" by the locals, is extremely active in winter. This fish thrives on cold water and roams all over the lake looking for food. Some of these weigh five pounds or more, and they'll eagerly take minnows fished in the shallower reaches of the lake. They seem to prefer water off the marshy banks and in the creeks. Throughout the winter they'll hit artificials with a definite preference for spoons, spinners and minnow-like plugs.

I'll not soon forget one winter when I found a bunch of bass clustered in a small hole in a creek off the main river. The fish were on the bottom in a dozen feet of water and they were hungry. I selected my limit of eight out of thirteen that grabbed my minnow baited hooks.

Minnows hooked through the lips on weedless hooks are very lethal on bass. In deep water a split shot should be added about 18 inches behind the hook. A No. 7 shot is about right. It's a good trick to use two outfits. Retrieve one minnow slowly while still fishing the other. When you com-

Virtually alone on the water, the fall and winter anglers enjoy the river to the fullest.

Commission photo by Kesteloo

Never an Off Season

(Continued from previous page)

plete the retrieve and cast out again, switch and retrieve the other minnow.

In cold weather bass seek deeper water, but seldom are they found below 10 to 15 feet. Gradual drop-offs, where the water deepens from around 6 to 15 feet, are fine winter bass spots. The same areas are also excellent in the heat of summer when heat and lots of boat activity send them seeking peace, quiet and a little cooler water.

Fishing in Chickahominy Lake is sometimes interrupted when a cold spell freezes the lake from bank to bank. The lake freezes rather easily, sending the angling faithful scurrying for the river beneath the dam which seldom freezes.

Most winter fishermen view a freeze-up on the lake as a necessary evil. Ice seldom remains on the lake very long as winter thaws are quite common. These are usually spearheaded by a heavy rain that quickly melts the ice. For some reason, perhaps because the water is recharged with oxygen, the fish go on a feeding spree immediately following ice out.

Commission photo by Pryer

Winter fishing is a darn sight better than watching television.

Pike and sometimes bass and crappie usually lead this celebration.

The few days following the ice-out are often pleasant to fish. A typical midwinter warm spell is characterized by cloudy skies and still air. A mist often hangs over the lake giving the shoreline cypress a ghostly, almost unreal look. Amid this grey, stark beauty we find some surprising fishing.

Sometimes, if the warm weather hangs on long enough, bream will make a tentative start at surface feeding and even bass will become interested in artificial lures. Frequently you'll find them in the shallows at the head of the creeks or on the marshes which are flooded flats at this time of the year. Some plugs, plastic worms or minnows on weedless hooks are lethal at this time. The flats and the shallows near shore are particularly good now and later as winter gives way to spring.

While the lake offers good winter fishing I usually plan to fish below the dam. From my home in Springfield, more than a hundred miles from the Chick, I can't keep up to date on conditions on the lake so I usually plan on fishing the river, which is usually open.

This brings to mind one Saturday in January 1967. As we left home that morning, my son, John, remarked that the moon and stars were unusually bright. The temperature was in the forties and the forecast called for clear skies and mild temperatures. As we drove south on Route 95, it appeared that the weatherman was right, but as we left Richmond and started east on Route 60, things changed.

Dawn on Route 60 near Bottoms Bridge found a grey sky and some of the trees showed traces of ice. Approaching Providence Forge it became evident that the area had suffered a severe ice storm. The pines that lined the highway were deeply bowed with heavy burdens of ice. Here and there a tree had broken under the strain. The side road from Route 60 into Lacey Allen's Camp was crisscrossed by fallen wires and when we reached Allen's we found he had no power; had none for three days.

Because the power was off, the aerators in Allen's minnow tanks weren't working and only a couple dozen remained alive. We took what Lacey had and took off on the black, glassy river that stole silently among a cathedral of ice-encrusted cypress.

As we fished the sky remained grey but the temperature rose slightly. At first we were startled as ice slipped from the trees and crashed into the underbrush, but we soon became used to it and more preoccupied with the fishing.

Without going into the details, let it suffice to mention that four bass and a nice channel cat found the last of Lacey's minnows attractive. We also strung a few nice perch and missed some strikes. The water temperature was 42 and this, apparently, is of more interest to the fish than the late ice storm that left its mark on the world beyond the water.

Rockfish add to the allure of fishing the river instead of the lake. To be sure, a few rock make their way through the lock in the dam to the lake, but the main rockfishing is in the river. They are present there all winter, but the main runs occur in late November or early December and again from February into April. The best catch I ever saw was taken on March 16, 1968, when two anglers had 22 weighing from 4 to more than 9 pounds.

Both trolling and live bait are favored among the Chickahominy rockfishermen. One of the favorite rigs employs a three-way swivel to which is fastened a plug on a long leader and a bucktail jig on a short leader. Pikie Minnows and jointed Mirrolures are favored plugs. Trolled spoons are also effective. My preference is a trolled Acme Kastmaster.

Oddly enough, bloodworms do not find favor among Chickahominy's regulars. The bloodworms will probably work but minnows, preferably the local black-back minnows, are most commonly used.

Most bait fishermen employ the standard bait rig, with a one or two ounce sinker tied to the end of the line and a couple of snelled hooks spaced at one foot intervals above. Another good rig is to pass the line through the eye of the sinker and tie on a snap swivel that's too large to pass through the sinker eye. A hook with a long snell is clipped into the snap on the snap swivel. Size 1/0 or 1 hooks are used. The smaller hook offers a better chance of hooking perch that often attack the minnow baits. The minnows are generally hooked through the back, just behind the dorsal fin.

There are favored rockfish hotspots all along the full

reach of the river. Often rock are found in 15 to 20 feet of water over a gravel or sand bottom. A newcomer can find the holes by watching where most of the boats are congregated or by just asking other anglers.

One of the most satisfying features of winter fishing is the camaraderie of the anglers. Perhaps the feeling exists that they are united against the elements, but the winter anglers are much more free with information than they are in summer when the river is loaded with fishermen. Most of the winter anglers are accomplished fishermen, and many feel that any other fella who is willing to suffer the discomforts of winter fishing is a good guy who deserves a break. In winter the conversations around Lacey Allen's hot stove are loaded with Chickahominy lore. Many a day I've felt that these gab sessions were worth the effort of traveling a hundred miles.

Another good way to find fish is to drift with live bait. The lines should be short so that the sinker just bounces the bottom as the boat drifts along slowly. Reels should be in free spool or the bails open and a weight, such as a sinker or pork rind bottle, should be placed on a coil of the line near the reel. This prevents the line from paying out as the boat moves. When a fish hits, the coil of line will easily slip out from under the weight and the fish will feel no drag which may cause it to drop the bait. This arrangement also prevents a fish from pulling the outfit in if he strikes hard.

Largemouth bass hang out in about a dozen feet of water during winter, seeking shelter around sunken logs, cypress stumps or sunken boats. Some are taken accidentally but most fall to specialists who fish these snag-infested areas. The better bass fishermen troll deep-running plugs through this debris, losing plenty of lures in the process. Other fishermen avoid these areas and the bass they shelter. This is a prime example of the old axiom, "Lose few lures, catch few fish."

The electronic fish locator is a tremendous tool for fishing the river. In early and midwinter it is useful for finding schools of fish, but in late winter the gizzard shad, locally called "alewives", throng the river making it very difficult to tell them from game fish on the locator screen. The device is terrific, however, for finding the stump beds and cluttered areas bass love or likely holes for rockfish.

Chickahominy perch run large. Both white and yellow perch are often taken in numbers. On the river white perch are known as "stiffbacks" and yellows are called "ring perch." Both are caught in the same type of water frequented by rockfish. Often they hit small spinners with gusto. Running better than a half pound in weight, the perch alone are often worth the day's effort.

If I were to pick out the best time to fish the Chickahominy in winter, it would be difficult. It seems that the best lunker bass of the entire year are taken from the last week in February through the first two weeks in March.

Times Dispatch photo by M. Ailor

A late winter catch of Chickahominy bass and pickerel, taken when a warming trend moved the bass into the shallows of the creeks and off the flats of the lake.

Perch and rockfish hit well at this time too. Yet, December and January often produce flurries of action that shouldn't be missed. Mid-January, in particular, has a reputation for good fishing.

The secret to enjoying winter fishing is, of course, to keep warm. Modern insulated underwear and boots make this easy. Always wear more clothes than you think you'll need and keep dry. A can of Sterno or a bucket of charcoal is also welcome and a hand warmer is very kind to frigid fingers. A good long lunch break near the hot stove at the fishing camp is often a welcome interlude. Sometimes I've picked up information at noon that led to good fishing after lunch.

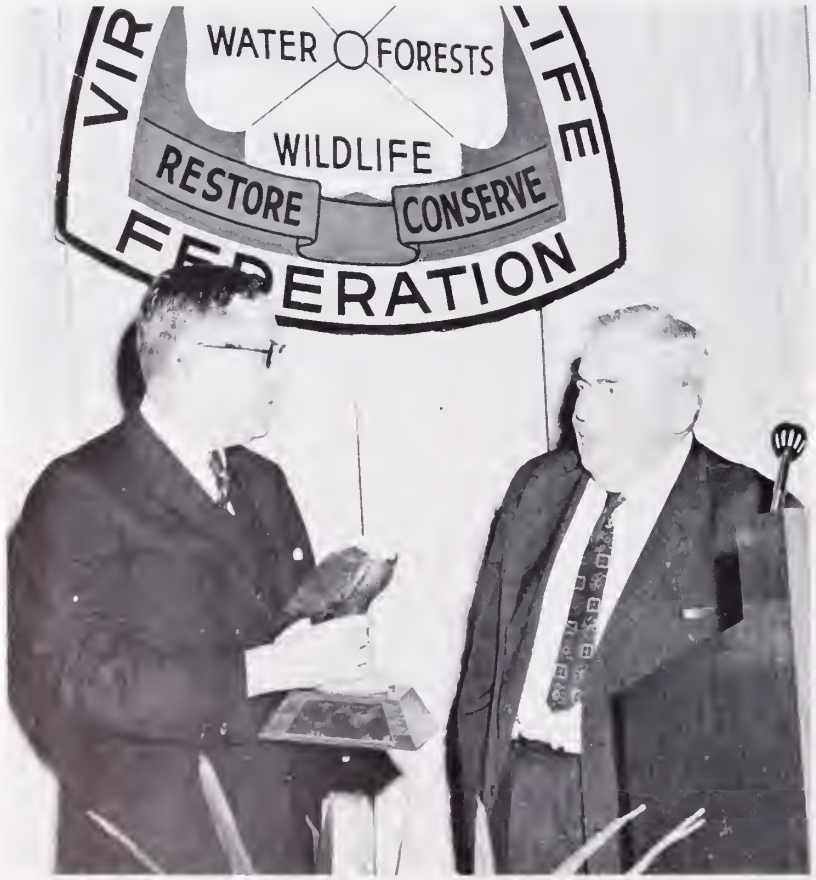
In any case, winter fishing is a darn sight better than watching television. Perhaps if enough of us took to fishin' in winter they'd start putting those outdoor shows on at night when we can see 'em.

Awards

Commission photo by Satterlee

Right: Warden John W. Crumb, of Northampton County, holds plaque presented to him at the annual conference of Southeastern Association of Game and Fish Commissioners in Baltimore, signifying his selection for the 1968 C. W. Watson Southeastern Conservationist Award. Also at the Baltimore Conference, Elmer E. Walters, above, of Chesapeake, received recognition as Virginia's Warden of the Year.

Wheeler Johnson photo



Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, right, long recognized as a conservation leader on the national scene, receives his trophy from Senator William B. Spong, after learning that he had been selected for the Governor's Award as Virginia's 1968 Conservationist of the Year. Other recipients of conservation awards in the program sponsored by the Virginia Wildlife Federation, National Wildlife Federation, and Sears Roebuck Foundation: *Wildlife,* William R. Stubbs, Lexington; *Soil,* Sherman F. Gold, Abingdon; *Woter,* A. H. Paessler, Richmond; *Forest,* Everett Tighlman Tynson, Oak Grove; *Educotion,* E. E. Rodger, Charlottesville; *Youth,* Mark W. Clayton, Natural Bridge; *Legislotive,* Hon. Samuel E. Pope, Drewryville; *Communicotion,* William N. Cochran, Roanoke; and *Orgonizotion,* Roanoke Valley Bird Club, Troutville.

Commission photo by Kesteloo

Runners up in the 1968 Governor's Conservation Achievement Awards program were: *Wildlife,* W. A. Huffman, Hot Springs, Supervisor of the Game Commission's Gathright Wildlife Management Area; *Soil,* Luther W. Kipps, Aroda; *Woter,* Donald S. Wallace, Charlottesville; *Educotion,* Mrs. Polly Taylor, Harrisonburg, and Darrell A. Ferrell, Falmouth, Game Commission Coordinator of Field Educational Services; *Communication,* Dr. Paul D. Sanders, Editor of *The Southern Planter,* Richmond, and Outdoor Writer and Photographer Bob Gooch, Troy; *Orgonizotion,* Commonwealth Junior Girl Scout Troop 289, Richmond; and *Stote Conservotionist of the Yeor,* Mrs. Jacintha Paschal, Charlottesville.

VIRGINIA WILDLIFE

CONSERVATIONGRAM

Commission Activities and Late Wildlife News . . . At A Glance

21,000 STRIPERS STOCKED IN STATE. A total of 21,000 striped bass reared to a 3 to 9 inch size in Game Commission hatcheries had been stocked in Virginia lakes by mid-October. "We are quite pleased with our striper rearing efforts," Fish Chief Jack Hoffman said, "although we hope to make some improvements in the procedure next year." Our modification will probably be to release the fish at a smaller size since a number of the 6 to 9 inch fish died from shock during recent hauling and stocking operations.

Lakes which received stripers early in the month included Bannister Lake (a power dam near Halifax), Commission owned Lake Conner, Smith Mountain and Leesville Lakes. Some of the 6 month old stripers are to be released in the Game Commission's Powhatan Lakes. Smith Mountain Lake will get the bulk of the remaining fish. It is anticipated that the survival rate of the larger fish will be many times better than that experienced with fry stocking.

ALEWIVES GO INTO CLAYTOR AND CHESDIN LAKES. Two truckloads of New Jersey alewives were stocked in Claytor and Chesdin Lakes this fall. Previous introductions of these small members of the herring family have done well in Claytor and are possibly responsible for a 2 inch increase in the average size of white bass during the past 12 months. This will be the initial stocking of alewives in Lake Chesdin, where they will supplement blueback herring as forage fish for the largemouth, smallmouth, and striped bass and walleyes which have been stocked there.

Some 200 striper-white bass hybrids, or "wipers" as they are sometimes called, have been stocked in Claytor Lake this fall. These fish have grown to 6 pounds or more during their first year in experimental stocking in other states.

GAME COMMISSION BUYS 4 TRACTS. The Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries recently completed acquisition of 4 tracts, three of which are additions to existing Wildlife Management Areas, reports Executive Director Chester F. Phelps. The largest is a 377 acre addition to the Commission's Rapidan Wildlife Management Area in Madison County. This area, known locally as the Devils Ditch, has a mile of native trout stream and some virgin timber. It borders Shenandoah National Park on three sides.

A 278 acre tract in Fauquier County, which joins the Commission's Weston Refuge, is expected to greatly expand recreational opportunities in this area. The new addition can support dove, quail and rabbit hunting and will have room for a one course bird dog field trial area. The present Weston Refuge, where no hunting is allowed, is used extensively for beagle training and field trials, and its food plantings make it a refuge for doves. Its close proximity to the Washington metropolitan area is expected to make it a popular outdoor recreation spot.

The third acquisition is an 86 acre parcel which helps fill out the boundary and enhance access on the north end of the Commission's Clinch Mountain Wildlife Management Area in Smyth, Russell and Tazewell Counties.

The purchase of an office building on Route 254, less than a mile from Staunton, will allow the Game Commission to set up an information station for the Valley area, in addition to serving as headquarters for field personnel. The District Game Warden Supervisor, Supervising Game Biologist, District Game Biologist and Surveyor will move their office here. The building will also house the Commission's Sign Shop, currently occupying rented quarters in Churchville, in addition to providing storage space for Commission equipment.

RETRIEVERS AT WORK

Photos by LEON KESTELOO
Commission Photographer

Left: An eager and stylish Chesapeake Bay retriever takes to the water in a Derby test. Right: A boy who handled his dog in the Derby is about to send his Labrador after a second bird down in the corn field.

A Labrador responds to a series of hand and whistle
positioned about 150 yards out while the dog was n
21 during Virginia's first Sanctioned Retriever Fiel
in Henrico County. The Club, organized in July, 19
to American Kennel Club records. It claims about 9
learning to train and handle retrievers and in creatio
improve their progeny, thereb

Some of the spectators, or "gallery," applaud as a retriever completes a "blind" retrieve test with obvious excellence.

Derby winners, from left to right: Henry R. Miller, 3rd place; Mrs. Jesse Mitchell, 4th place; David Knotts, Judges' Award of Merit; Dr. Joe Berg, 1st place; and Fred Long, 2nd place.

Labrador retrieving a duck from stump pond. Stumps provide diversion that makes the test more difficult for the dog.

With a
whistle

als that will direct him to a "blind" retrieve of a bird
oking. The photos on these pages were made September
al, held by the James River Retriever Club at Varina Lawn
the first of its kind ever chartered in Virginia, according
mbers, whose common denominator is owner interest in
standards by which breeders can judge the dogs and
eating better strains of gun dogs.

Left: Retriever waits on "firing line" to be sent forward by command of handler. Right: Bringing one of the ducks in a triple water series test. Club members say a man who has never hunted over a well mannered, well trained dog that is always under control, that will go only when sent, and will go only for the bird his handler picks for him, just does not know the complete thrill of it all.

ure a handler sends an eager dog on a "blind" retrieve. A
l will stop the dog to keep him from going beyond the
bird, and hand signals will direct him to it.

A duck, uninjured but shackled so it cannot fly, is used in the water tests. Pigeons are used to train and test the dogs on land. Below: Delivering to hand a live duck after retrieving it from the water. This was a double fall, both in the water, in the Derby.

DUCK hunting, as the old salts are so fond of saying, isn't what it used to be. But, then, what is? Hunters who can recall hunts before 1940 talk of limits of 10 and more birds with no species restrictions, uncomplicated methods and seasons that stretched out three and four months. "Those were the days when duck hunting was duck hunting and when duck hunters were duck hunters," they growl!

They're half right, anyway. Duck hunting 30 years ago may have been something else but the duck hunters then weren't necessarily anything special. If anything, today's duck hunter is the better man. He should be, anyway; his sport certainly demands more.

DUCK HUNTING ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

By TIM RENKEN
St. Louis

Commission photo by Kesteloo

Today's duck hunter must be able to identify ducks the way no hunter of the 1930's ever dreamed of doing. Today's duck hunter must be able to shoot more consistently and he must be able to call better. In fact, the modern duck hunter must be able to do everything better. And, quite possibly, the sport is better for it.

If there is one way to capsulize the greater demands that today's hunters face, it would be this: He must make each opportunity count. How many chances during his day on the marsh is the contemporary hunter going to get? He has no idea, usually, when he first arranges his spread and sits down in his blind to await the dawn. He might get twenty or more, or he might get none. But he must treat each as if it will be his only opportunity.

What, specifically, does this entail?

Well, let's start with that spread. The experts today don't put nearly as much emphasis on the geometry of the stool as in past years, but there are a few basics to remember. For one thing, use as many decoys as you can conveniently handle. If two dozen is good, four dozen is twice as good. Nothing will attract a crowd as fast as a crowd. Try to get some of the decoys out into the wind or current—they give the spread life through motion. And don't forget that wind. Ducks, like airplanes, land into the wind. If possible, position the spread so that ducks coming in to land in the decoys will present as attractive a shot as possible. There is no such thing as getting ducks in too close.

Blind construction isn't a complicated subject but there is one point that hunters sometimes forget. In their efforts to build a blind that offers good concealment, hunters sometime go overboard and build a castle when a shanty would do. The bigger the blind, the easier it is to spot. Ducks learn to spot blinds mighty early in the course of their migration down the flyway.

And, speaking of education, there's probably more to be learned about duck calling than any other aspect of waterfowling—and nothing can cause more missed opportunities.

Under present conditions of short seasons and scarce birds, it is virtually impossible to learn duck calling in the heat of battle. The hunter who buys his call in the evening and takes it hunting with him the next morning is not only an optimist—he's a presumptuous jackass, in the unfettered idiom of the marsh fraternity.

A duck call, like a clarinet or a violin, is never any better than the guy operating it. Learning calling, like learning anything else worth knowing, takes effort—and practice.

This isn't to say, though, that one call is as good as another. There are good duck calls and also the other kind. Among the most popular duck calls in America the past 20 years have been those made by the P. S. Olt Co., of Pekin, Illinois. The firm, largest manufacturer of game calls in the country, makes a big line of fine duck calls. A favorite is the Sonderman 66, a medium-sized, modestly-priced instrument. Olt also makes several higher-priced calls and a serviceable rubber call.

That's enough about calls, except the only way a guy can learn to call ducks—unless he can acquire the unlimited services of a tutor—is by getting hold of an instructional record and using it. (Olt, incidentally, offers a line of instructional records.)

So much has been said about the highly important art of duck identification recently that it won't be discussed here, but there is one more aspect of duck hunting and that is shooting.

Just as no one can learn duck calling by duck hunting anymore, no one can become a good wingshot by hunting. For one thing, there just aren't enough chances. If a guy gets 10 shots in the course of a hunt, he's had good shooting. For another thing, conditions in the heat of a hunt are hardly conducive to concentrating on doing all the things that must be done to put the shot where the bird is going to be.

It is a vanity with many hunters that they are completely untutored in the art of wingshooting and that the only shooting they do is in actual shooting. I say that such a hunter is, 99 times out of 100, a lousy shooter and is a poor conservationist to boot.

Scattergunning is a science. It has many facets of which the average hunter isn't even aware. Instruction is available most everywhere now at commercial and private gun clubs, and wise hunters are discovering that the quickest way to become a good wingshot is with competent instruction and practice—practice under the clinical, classroom-type conditions that can be obtained only through the use of claybirds.

Shooting is, after all, the final link in the chain that leads to ducks in the bag. A hunter gets only as many ducks as he can shoot, and in this day and age one can't succeed in duck hunting—or anything else—by missing opportunities.

Tales of a Checking Station

By HAROLD A. COLEMAN
Dillwyn

THE old country store at Curdsville in Buckingham County was ideal for a big game checking station when this practice began in the late nineteen-forties. Since Indian days this area had been famous for its fine sportsmen and good hunting.

Here was the twilight zone of the Southern Confederacy, for both the men in blue and gray passed this way in 1865. Here too, was the boyhood hunting-ground of the great hero of the American Revolution, Peter Francisco.

Thus it was an honor of sorts to be appointed checker in such a historical setting.

Yet, I was somewhat leary at first; it might hurt business. I might not do the job to suit the Commission and many hunters plainly distrusted the idea.

However, time mostly proved otherwise. The hunters soon came to prize the tags as additional trophies. A successful hunter always had a recorded proof of his skill. Few, if any, would question the wisdom of this practice today.

The checker should always make for a cooperative link between hunter and warden. The duties are quite simple and although he serves without pay it is a most rewarding service for those who love wildlife and the great outdoors.

For me even some of the experiences make fond memories. Moreover, those which follow are dedicated to all Virginia game wardens:

The Honest Hunter

One cold Monday morning while I prepared to open the store an elderly colored man waited patiently outside. It was clear something was bothering him. Looking about to make sure no one else was around he asked me in a low voice if it was the law that a wild turkey must be tagged right after it was shot.

When I said yes, he explained that he had killed one late Saturday afternoon and would have had to walk three miles to the store to check it even if he made it by closing time. He said he had decided to wait until today but in the meantime some friends pointed out that game must be checked immediately after it was killed.

It seemed sort of funny to me but he was so serious I hid my true feelings and asked where the turkey was he wished checked.

Solemnly he replied, "We et it."

"Well, do you have the feet or some feathers?" I asked.

He shook his head so I inquired if he had a license. Whereupon he produced a perfectly valid one, so I issued a tag for a ten-pound turkey hen and he left with the air of a man who had just escaped the electric chair.

The Reluctant Turkey

Another time a local woodcutter who had finished his week's work came in the store and after paying a bill purchased four 12 gauge shells saying matter-of-factly he was going to get a wild turkey.

Just in fun I said, "I'll give you a big treat if you do."

Business was routine for the rest of the day until nearly closing time when the door swung open and there he was with a wide-screen grin plus a nice turkey hen.

Surprised at such luck I proceeded to fill out the tag while the turkey reposed on the store scales. Then just as I started to tie on the tag there was a mighty commotion and the bird was all over the place.

In the wild ruckus which followed she knocked canned goods off the shelves from one end of the store to the other, broke a light fixture and turned over a bakery display. Wisely the woodsman rushed and closed the door while I checked the windows. Then we teamed up on the frightened fowl and finally cornered her behind some soft-drink crates.

The hunter sighed with happy relief, but I wondered about the regulations in this case since normally tags are not put on live game.

Then as I looked over the wreck there was a fleeting thought perhaps I should resign this job—or at least call up my pastor and request him to remove my name from the deacon board so I could express myself properly for such an occasion.

Hide or Hair

Deer checking had its share of amusing incidents too:

The regulations then specified that a lawfully killed deer must have antlers visible above the hair.

Once a young man rushed in to borrow a pair of scissors. Soon afterwards when I went out back for something I saw the same young man giving what seemed a haircut to a small spike buck—making real sure it was a legal kill.

He got a tag.

The Wisdom of the Wild

The yarns told around the old pot-bellied stove were just as interesting as the real happenings even though some do not involve "checkable" game.

Author and son, Harold A. Coleman, Sr., and Harold A. Coleman, Jr.

One was a beaver story which went like this:

An old farmer noticed some beavers in their traditional energy building a dam on his lowgrounds. For several weeks they labored but never seemed to be able to get the dam to hold water. Then one day the farmer saw a strange beaver in the group. He was much larger and had a dark coat of fur. He seemed to be supervising the construction. This went on for a few days and then the master builder disappeared, but the dam was a perfect success and soon flooded the lowgrounds of the farmer, who claims this is a true story!

* * * *

And finally a quail tale:

The dogs make a magazine cover stand but only a single gets up and heads to some nearby woods; while the hunters are after that one, the rest of the covey get up out of range and fly in the opposite direction.

The debate is over whether the single was a mother bird who exposed herself to protect the group or simply just happened to have been feeding away from the others when the dogs came along.

But this is the way of hunters—truly they come and go but their tales could go on forever!

Collecting and Decorating With Commonplace Materials

By GRACE S. DRAPER
Greensboro, N. C.

NEVER having quite completely outgrown a childhood penchant for "clipping and pasting," which is allied with collections of all kinds, it was only natural upon garden club membership and learning to arrange flowers for my home that I should become interested in applying this hobby in other directions. And so I became interested in those delightful "odds and ends" of Nature, such as her "discards" from seed-bearing vessels, and driftwood (or weathered wood), for here was another channel which would permit application of this same skill.

One does not have to be a completely dedicated flower-arranger to find pleasant and interesting ways in which to use these easily obtainable materials. Children love to make things from them, too. We know it is an old art. The early settlers in our country beautified their homes with the dried materials they found abundantly about them. Louise B. Fisher's book, entitled *An Eighteenth Century Garland*, describes for us many ways in which such materials are used today in decorations at Williamsburg, continuing the traditions of the early colonists.

It's fun to look for interestingly shaped seed pods, cones, dried grasses, and unusual curved branches; all these things can be used together, and with driftwood, that "commonplace" bonus for eager collectors to bring home from woodland excursions, or trips to rivers, lakes, and beaches. A little imagination is all that is necessary for the creation of fascinating decorations, ranging from whimsical to ultra-modern in theme, and from woodland scenes to permanent decorations for many occasions. Refer to the many delightful books on flower arranging for ideas as to the use of dried materials; several books have been written on this subject alone, as well as on only pods and cones. It's fun to keep your own scrapbook, too, of ideas.

When planning to make a collection trip, secure any landowners' permission; and remember that collecting is prohibited in all National and State parks. Be sure to consult Rangers in National Forest areas. Carry a basket, clippers or heavy scissors, and perhaps a small pocket knife for securing specimens; be sure to dress sensibly with low-heeled shoes, gloves, etc. A walking stick, too, is often of great help. In the autumn fields and woods, the most interesting materials may sometimes be found in brier thickets and amongst overgrown weed stalks—certainly making for difficult walking, but well worth the effort. A special word of caution: all hikers will knock first upon, and look over, old, fallen logs before stepping across them at any time of year—another use for that walking stick! Also, it is wise to become familiar with weeds and wildflowers before picking—some are poisonous, and many are on State conservation lists. You will find many of the plants that are considered "weeds" pictured and discussed in wildflower books.

Perhaps the most familiar and most common material available to us is the pine cone, of which there are many sizes and shapes, and these may be used in many different decorations as well as in wreaths. The smaller cones are especially pretty for nut rings, and should be cut from tree branches while stiff and glossy brown; cones that fall to the ground are often softened and discolored by weather. The varying brown shades of the different cones give interesting tone effects when used together.

One of the loveliest of tree offerings falls from the handsome Deodar cedar when the autumn winds disintegrate the huge, round cones perched upright on the majestic and graceful, outstretched branches. (These *must* be collected before the rains come!) It is a perfectly shaped brown rose, with myriad uses. The *Cedrus deodora* is a Himalayan tree, the Sanskrit and Hindu "timber of the gods," often planted in our yards for shade and beauty, which grows to unbelievable heights. For tiny cones, pick handfuls of those hanging from our several native hemlocks; and save balsam cones from your Christmas tree. In addition, you will find many other cones all around you to collect.

Photo by Roy Matherly, *Greensboro Daily News*

Nut ring, composed of an assortment of nuts, cones and pods, all in shades of tan-brown. "Roses" made of broken Paulownia pods with acorn centers.

Do not overlook many wonderfully shaped tree pods also overhead on these collecting expeditions: the candelabra-like tulip tree pods *(Liriodendron Tulipifera)*; the long, hanging "Indian cigars" of the catalpa *(Catalpa bignonioides)*, which rattle mysteriously on the tree all winter long, when the wind blows; the clusters of miter-shaped pods of the Princess Tree *(Paulownia tomentosa)*, a handsome tree native to the Orient, but which has escaped cultivation and made itself completely at home in our Southern woodlands; and the pods from any of our beloved magnolias, which are beautifully shaped (remove the bright red seeds). The porcupine-like balls of the sweet gum *(Liquidambar Styraciflua)* may be gathered when they fall to the ground. This is also true of acorns, of which each of our many species has a different type. Bur oak and overcup oak acorns have particularly dis-

tinctive, deep cups. Acorns, and hickory nuts of different sizes, might form the greater part of nut rings. And do not forget to pick up some tiny, prickly burr beech nut shells from beneath the American beech *(Fagus grandifolia)*.

In the winter, when the trees have shed their leaves, is the best time to collect interesting sprays of sweet gum branches, or other curved branches, for use as "line" in flower arrangements. Unusual corky bark sprays of the sweet gum, and of the winged elm *(Ulmus alata)*, are especially favored by flower arrangers; these are permanent materials that may be used over and over again. Clip end sprigs from persimmon trees when they shed their fruit during the winter, leaving star-shaped calyxes, which may be used in various ways, too, as may the calyxes left by Paulownia pods.

While in the woods, be sure to carefully inspect old logs and fence rails for the somewhat curly, fan-shaped lichens called "foliose" lichens. These are thin and somewhat velvety to touch, with interesting stripe variations usually in shades of tan and brown. They are used for making "lichen roses." It takes a sharp knife to remove them from logs. They will dry in just a few days, and may be either glued or wired into rosette shapes, by using heavy florist's wire. The wire ends may be wound together in back of the rosette and bound with florist's tape to make a stem, which permits use in arrangements even with fresh flowers and foliage. With only a little practice, you can become quite an expert at making these lovely roses!

From the woods, we next head for the roads, fields, and waysides, where an untold wealth of material of different kinds awaits the collector. Avoid clipping the "fuzzy-headed" grasses, as these will only shed all over the house. An exception might possibly be rabbit tobacco sprays, which may be shaken briskly when plucked; this loosens most of the seed-fuzz before the material is taken home. The dried blossoms on these stalks are like tiny daisies; also, they are white, a contrast to so much of our dried material which is, of course, brown in color. Many tall grasses have seed heads that do not shed readily; look for these.

Design utilizing "commonplace" rhododendron root "duck" amongest cattails and foliage. Mullein rosette is placed on slate base for balance.

Jack Moebes photo

Photo by J. Moebes

Driftwood "owl" behind brown cedar owl figurine carved by British Columbia artist Gerd, and Deodar roses used in curved line on base painted black.

Any natural color you might find in dried materials is most desirable. We find yellow and white in yarrow blossoms. Yarrow *(Achillea Millefolium)* grows about a foot and a half tall; it has a big, flat flower head of many small blossoms in a cluster, and a herby, pungent odor, but this is not disagreeable. It has been said that on a mid-summer eve a bunch of yarrow under the pillow will bring to the sleeper in dreams the future husband or wife!

Also along fencerows, thickets, and waste places we may find the lovely American bittersweet *(Celastrus scandens)*, a woody vine which may climb to as high as 20 feet or trail along the ground. In mid-summer to fall we may clip its sprays of three-sectioned pods containing seeds in a lovely orange-red combination for drying. A more cheerful still-life on a cold, wintry day cannot be found than one of your own creation, consisting of, perhaps, an old brown pottery jug containing a few sprays of bittersweet! The same might hold true of a cluster of Chinese lanterns, from the garden, which are a pretty shade of red.

Along the roadside we will also find the tree-like, bushy red sumac *(Rhus glabra)*, whose fruit sprays are upright, somewhat pointed clusters of deep red berries which ripen in the late summer and early fall. Birds and other wildlife feed on them, and they are non-poisonous. Gather some of these branches containing fruit as soon as it ripens, spray with clear, plastic enamel, and place in cardboard boxes or hanging brown paper sacks for storage until use. They will

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keep for years, retaining both berries and color, if not exposed to light and not kept in air-tight packages. The red sumac is the plant with the brilliant red, attention-attracting, compound leaves found along roads and fields.

Another vine to watch for along fencerows and field edges is the trumpet-creeper *(Campsis radicans)*. Its trumpet-shaped blossoms of deep orange are a prime attraction for the brilliant little ruby-throated hummingbird all summer long; in the fall we may clip the sprays of curved seed pods, while still green, and they will dry, remaining closed, to a grey-green shade. The trumpet-creeper is the State flower of Kentucky, and is often cultivated in the North.

Look for the stately two- to six-feet tall brown stalks of mullein *(Verbascum Thapsus)* in the fall, after the small yellow blossoms have fallen. These stalks are an abstract arrangement in themselves, in their stark simplicity! They are lovely used with fresh and colorful flowers. Mullein particularly fancies overgrown, neglected hedgerows and fields; birds, such as the goldfinch, like their seed. The plant is an immigrant from Europe, which has also made itself at home in our country, to the point that it is considered a "weed" by the farmers. (It once was considered to have medicinal qualities.) New mullein plants produce a beautiful, grey-green, flannel-leaf rosette in either the spring or fall, and these are also arrangements in themselves. Select a large, perfect specimen (as it will be impossible to trim defective outside leaves from the plant when dry); holding the rosette carefully, cut the tough roots from beneath it and lovingly transport it home, for each is a real prize. It should be placed in a cool, dry place for a few days, just long enough for the leaves to become slightly limp. Then arrange it in a box or on a flower block (perhaps with driftwood) in just the way you would want it to look, placing soft facial tissue beneath some of the leaves for support if necessary, and let it dry in this position—it will be quite stiff and brittle when dry, so must from then on be handled very carefully, if at all! It needs no spray or other attention for preservation, but will remain as you have dried it.

Teasel *(Dipsacus sylvestris)* is another plant with a beautiful spiny seed-head. It grows from three to six feet high, and has a stout, prickly stem. The pods are lovely used in their natural tan color, or may be sprayed any color desired. They are particularly distinctive if sprayed gold or silver for use at Christmas.

(A word of caution: avoid the distinctive, prickly-textured seed pods of the lowly jimson weed, *Datura Stramonium*. This plant is poisonous in the green state to animals and humans, and dried pods could possibly cause a skin reaction.)

Also look for curled dock *(Rumex crispus)*, which is usually found in abundance in neglected fields. Its curly green blossoms are borne on stalks as tall as 36 inches or more; the time to cut these stalks is when in full bloom, as these flowers dry in varying shades of tan-brown, and are most attractive for use in dried arrangements. Choose some curved stalks especially. They should be hung in brown paper bags in a cool, dry, dark place until completely dry; the stalks keep indefinitely, without appreciable shedding.

Milkweed pods *(Asclepias syriaca)*, which have shed their winged fruits, look like birds on wing mounted on stalks; and Queen Anne's lace *(Daucus Carota)* curled, dried blossoms are like tiny bird's nests. The beautiful two-toned base of the cotton boll is in the shape of a five-pointed star, and lovely for use in Christmas decorations, as is the rose from the Deodar cedar. So actually some of our more commonplace materials may be quite elegant when used in combination with more sophisticated materials.

Last, but by no means least, we mention the old favorite found in all marshy places and along pond edges—the common cattail *(Typha latifolia)*. This stout and handsome seed pod is a standby for many types of arrangements. Please note that cattails should be cut *before* the heads start to shed. As soon as possible after cutting (and that means almost immediately!) the lovely, velvety brown heads should be immersed in a few spoonfuls of clear shellac to seal them permanently, and carefully laid up to dry. The shellac does not change either color or character of the head; it does prevent shedding and preserves the heads so they may be used over and over again.

From the garden we may collect such dried materials as poppy pods (which look like small lotus pods); okra pods clustered on their stalks; yucca or Spanish bayonet pods (many varieties grow in the wild in the South and Southwest); onion seed heads; dusty miller or Artemisia (silver-gray in color); various colored straw flowers; and pinwheel seed sprays of Clematis.

J. Moebes photo

Topiary tree made of hemlock cones, placed in small Danish china pot. Lichen roses made of striated "foliose" lichen. Picture composed of Deodar cedar cone chips, seed fronds of sensitive fern, acorns and acorn cups, hemlock cones, lichens, Paulownia pods and calyxes from seed clusters, dried lemon geranium foliage, and two curved trumpet creeper pods.

Most of these materials may be used as found, without any spray for protection and preservation. We have already mentioned special treatment for such items as cattails and sumac berries; plastic enamel spray may be used on any of the cones or pods or flowers to enhance their appearance. They should be stored in large closed cardboard boxes, which allow the air to circulate freely, and which will keep them in the dark. After using, many of the materials collect dust, which may be gently blown off; the materials may be resprayed and stored for future use. Colors will fade on some items in use; such items may be discarded and replaced easily with a new supply, since these materials are so easily obtainable.

Flower containers for use with commonplace materials must, of course, be kept in character with the material—that is, earthenware, pottery, copper, old pewter, and wooden containers would always be appropriate ones to use. Many

attractive containers may be made from discarded old iron pieces of farm machinery, sprayed black, such as various sized wheels and plow disks. Scooped-out pieces of driftwood make interesting containers, as do various shaped flower arranging blocks, and even flat pieces of slate and other rocks. Any such bases should have felt lining on the bottom, for protection of furniture. Certainly small rocks in different colors are lovely for use as accessories with so much brown material, as well as broken, colored glass chips.

For additional enjoyment, it is fun to look for figurines and ornaments to be used with a collection of commonplace materials! To paraphrase someone: each hobby leads to another—and fast! Whimsical and quaint woodland animals, birds, elves, etc., may be found in wood, china, and ceramics, as well as other harmonious materials.

It is wise to assemble ahead a collection of styrofoam balls and cones of different sizes, etc., with which to make decorations with our dried materials when time permits. Topiary trees, round and cone-shaped, are a delight to make and enjoy. To make a cone-shaped hemlock tree, first paint a styrofoam cone brown; then carefully glue the tiny cones row by row onto the styrofoam by dipping generously in a glue that will dry clear, such as Elmer's Glue or Evans' Welsh Glue. This will take patience and time! Allow to dry thoroughly. A small dowel (even a pencil for small trees), painted a harmonizing color, becomes the tree trunk when inserted into the hemlock cone tree and then into wet Plaster of Paris poured into a small base pot. (When dry, the tree is embedded in the Plaster of Paris.) The tree should then be sprayed with clear plastic enamel, which brings out brown highlights in the cones and gives them a lovely light and shadow effect. To cover the Plaster of Paris in the pot, you may place a handful of small colored rocks or broken glass chips around the inside top; this also adds additional interest and color.

For a dried pod, cone, and nut picture, choose a deep frame that you like (perhaps it might be an old shadow-box from the attic), remove the glass (if any) and mount in it a suitable, neutral-colored background of burlap or art paper. On this background, work out a pleasing design, using materials you have assembled, to create a three-dimensional effect. This design must then be carefully glued down. It cannot be sprayed, so use materials that would not require spraying. However, if a wooden background is used, or if for a wooden wall plaque, the whole design could be sprayed to give it a slightly glossy appearance. Such designs may be as simple or as elaborate as you might want to make them, and will be the beginning of a whole series of decorating experiments with small wooden boxes, etc.! Such items make delightful gifts.

Nut rings are the most fun of all to make. For a nut ring for your table, have a piece of plywood cut round, probably 15 inches in diameter—a nice large size, perfect for a Lazy

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Should Do vs. *Can* Do

The dictionary definition of ethical—*having moral values and duties; ideal human character, actions, and ends*—needs to be transferred from books and applied out-of-doors.

By BRUCE BANDURSKI, *The Plains*

IN tackling problems that range from guidelines for traveling outdoorsmen to helping alleviate a conflict between users of the Appalachian Trail, the goal of Outdoor Ethics Guild is to define and promote ethical behavior in outdoor surroundings.

"We would like to solicit your help in reaching the organizations of these other groups so that appropriate publicity can be directed toward the membership in minimizing these problems. While irresponsible individuals probably create most of the violations of 'outdoor ethics,' disapproval from their own organizations would be more effective than the disapproval of other groups competing for the same areas." This request came, in August, from the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club, who have the problem of explaining to horsemen (whom they admire in the proper places) that portions of the Maine-to-Georgia Appalachian Trail cannot handle horses and at the same time be pleasant and safe for the hikers who have developed and maintained it for so many years.

"We are delighted with any activity which takes people into the out-of-doors to enjoy nature. We recognize that everyone must choose the type of locomotion he enjoys most: foot, horse, trail bike, or jeep. As long as there is room for us all we can all enjoy the areas available," stated the serious appeal written to Outdoor Ethics Guild by the PATC's supervisor of trails. As most outdoorsmen, he usually likes to see others enjoying the unspoiled countryside in ways they prefer, but:

"The horseback riders are creating a dangerous problem by using the same trails as hikers. Not only do they foul and erode the footpaths our organizations have built, but they foul the water supply at springs along these trails. . . . The attitude of these riders toward their own drinking water leaves hikers confused. They could at least water their horses downstream."

Outdoor Ethics Guild had its attention directed close to home by this request from the trail club. The Guild incorporated in the Commonwealth of Virginia a year ago, after deciding to do more than just talk about problems in outdoor activities and conservation. The five members (an artist, a business man, a lawyer, a writer, and an ecologist as coordinator) represented different professions but didn't see why that should make it impossible to agree on the best ways to treat our environment. Likely they look at the outdoors in different ways, but all feel that natural resources should be used wisely and with least detriment to others.

The Guild's first efforts, before formal incorporation as a non-profit organization, were directed overseas. The Chairman of the Preservation and Conservation Committee of The Association for Tropical Biology asked what could be done about the problem-causing antics of United States citizens traveling abroad. Evidently not all of us have realized that other countries have laws that are in some cases more restrictive than those back home. Outdoor Ethics Guild developed a series of behavior guidelines for traveling outdoorsmen—some for researchers, and then some for hunters and fishermen. The ATB printed the first drafts, including a set for tourists. Reactions from those who read them ranged from "Burn every copy!" to "Keep it up; how about writing some for. . . ."

The Outdoor Ethics Guild is not affiliated with other groups, and is free to call attention to any activities con-

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Collecting and Decorating

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Susan. You may or may not have the center of the ring removed. Paint the round dark brown and allow to dry. Glue small pieces of felt on the bottom for table protection. Assemble all the acorns, nuts, small pods, and small cones you can muster, for it takes a tremendous assortment. All nuts you use (and I like to use only native ones from the woods, although many lovely nut rings are made with mixed nut assortments from the market) must be baked before using. The cones do *not* require baking. Spread all nuts in a single layer over the bottom of a large pan. Preheat the oven to 300-325°. Then turn it off as you slide your nuts into the oven, allowing them to remain inside until the oven is completely cool.

It is nice to plan a sort of design in making your nut ring, mentally dividing your board into three or four equal parts and working on each part, little by little. Use a ring of large hickory nuts, large acorns, and medium-sized pine cones for the bottom layer upon which to build your design; then start adding nuts of various kinds, dipping generously in glue and building up into a high mound over the bottom layer, which will be completely covered. Cotton boll bases, Paulowina pods, etc., may be used to form flower-like designs, if desired, and Deodar roses are beautiful top dressing. Save any unusual-looking acorns (such as the small, elongated ones from the live oak, complete with stems) or black ones (you will usually find a few faulty ones that are a handsome, glossy black) for top decoration. A lot of your acorns may have popped from their cups when baking; glue these back together, as the cups are an important part of the overall design. For such nut rings, we usually use chiefly *rounded* shape nuts, etc., and you can mound up your design as high as you like. Allow it to dry overnight before spraying several times with the clear plastic enamel (I prefer this to shellac on nut rings, although many people do use shellac). After making a large one, you will want to experiment with smaller ones, using quite small materials graded out as to size, and make others for gifts.

With your nut ring on the table (usually they are quite handsome placed flat on the table), you may use fresh fruit or flowers, as the season or occasion may dictate, and you may tier several for an especially pretty effect. If nuts should pop off during use, reglue them. Store such rings in large cardboard boxes in a dry storage room or closet. Do not store in attics, as heat may cause nuts to pop off.

The joy of making things comes with experimentation and observation, and you will find many additional kinds of materials to collect, as well as untold new, imaginative ideas for the use of such materials. Perhaps, in the words of Bryan Waller Procter, you will adopt for yourself, too, my "Collector's Creed":

"He that can draw a charm
From rocks, or woods, or weeds or things that seem
All mute, and does it—is wise."

Should Do vs. Can Do

(Continued from previous page)

sidered not ethical. Members like to think that in the Guild they represent only one special interest—ethics that are ecologically sound. They try to work *with* nature in encouraging mankind to do what science shows *should* be done and not just what technology says *could* be done. They are worried about the ways humans treat the out-of-doors. They are concerned about the treatment of wildlife, and of other humans who have provided enjoyable surroundings. They are concerned about the deterioration of the basics of the environment—soil, water and air—which have supported our very existence and gave our ancestors the opportunity to improve the human lot. They are especially concerned that mankind's actions may be damaging beyond repair the ecosystems that sustain him. In our tinkering with technology we have nearly ignored the communities of nature which are actually allowing human beings to live.

So far the Guild has moved very deliberately and in very few directions, and the record of activities would not fill many volumes. Collectively its members have:

praised the authors of certain articles which deal squarely with the more pressing conservation issues of today;

encouraged efforts (such as those of The National Association For The Protection And Propagation Of The Purple Martins And Bluebirds Of America, and The Committee For Quetzel Cloud-Forest Preserves) which are directed to removing the key factors which threaten the survival of species now overwhelmed by the impact of human activities;

discouraged the planning of group forays abroad when such trips are predicated on the collection of wildlife nearing extinction;

pressed for comprehensive ecological studies prior to the initiation of resource development projects;

expressed to a Congressional committee their thoughts on the importance and timeliness of the International Biological Program, which presently is receiving little support from the United States;

offered suggestions for experiment in wilderness area management to the Charlottesville Wilderness Workshop; and

by non-profit incorporation of the Guild, formed an organization with no "fat" which can put every donated dollar to use in promoting the best use of our total environment, treating it as the interconnected whole that it is.

In a way the Appalachian Trail problem is similar to the central problem confronting the Outdoor Ethics Guild and its supporters. We must bring an awareness of outdoor ethics to those who have the most influence on the condition of the trails leading to humanity's future. Our biggest problem is that of getting the full and objective attention of those who can do something effective; people who desecrate the out-of-doors are those who are the least likely to be concerned with the consequences of their activities. What is written about outdoor ethics will probably not enter their eyes. It is the fish at home in polluted water that has the most trouble seeing the light. Still, we have a responsibility to try to reach the spoilers, though our flashlight be weak.

We—all humans who use this planet—are obliged to consider how our actions will affect future generations of humans and the life forms that sustain humans. In addressing ourselves to outdoor ethics, we find essentially true Albert Schweitzer's observation that: "The great fault of all ethics hitherto has been that they believed themselves to have to deal only with the relation of man to man."

Like Schweitzer and an American named Aldo Leopold (one of the first ecologists), the Guild has seen that most of the fault outdoors lies in our human attitudes. In Leopold's words, "We abuse land because we regard it as a commodity belonging to us. When we see land as a community to which we belong, we may begin to use it with love and respect. . . . Conservation is a state of harmony between men and land. By land is meant all of the things on, over, or in the earth."

Bird of the Month:

Red-bellied Woodpecker

By DR. J. J. MURRAY
Lexington

THE red-bellied woodpecker, the scientific name of which is *Centurus carolinus carolinus*, is a resident bird throughout Virginia. This means that it can be found at any time of the year, although it does not necessarily mean that the birds found around your home are the same birds in summer and winter. There is a difference between the terms "resident" and "permanent resident," the latter meaning that the birds found in any place are the same birds in summer and winter.

This species is now a much commoner bird than the red-headed woodpecker. It is primarily a bird of the south, rarely nesting so far north as Delaware along the coast. In the interior it may nest as far north as southern Michigan and South Dakota.

The name of this bird is somewhat misleading. There is a tinge of red on its belly, but the color is not particularly noticeable. There is a definite scarlet color on the head. In the male this color runs from the base of the upper bill across the top of the head and the back of the neck. The female has only the nape scarlet, and in her there is generally less reddish on the belly. In both sexes the back is marked like a zebra. Because of this in some places the bird is called the zebra woodpecker. The only other woodpecker in Virginia with zebra back is the red-cockaded woodpecker, which has a black cap and which only occurs in our State in the southeastern corner.

The red-bellied woodpecker is an early nester. It has been found digging its nest hole at Blacksburg as early as March 14. There is quite a spread in the nesting period, probably because of the loss of early nests. At Richmond young have been found in the nest as early as April 21, and eggs as late as July 6. Possibly an occasional pair will raise a second brood, but this is certainly uncommon. W. F. Rountrey found a pair feeding young at Norfolk on the amazingly late date of August 17, 1952, which would certainly mean a persistent though discouraged pair.

This bird digs its own nest hole, sometimes as low as 20 feet from the ground but usually higher, even up to 50 feet. Here the female lays 4 to 6 eggs, white as is usual in woodpeckers. The male helps the female in hatching the eggs. This hatching takes about two weeks.

The common call of the red-bellied woodpecker is a double call, "chuh-chuh," or "churr-churr." Audubon's helpers called the bird the "chaw-chaw." As Dr. Frank Chapman noted in his book, the bird also has a rolling call, "k-r-r-r-r," and a mating call, "wicker," like the call of a flicker.

The red-bellied woodpecker is beneficial in its habits. The only time the bird digs in the wood of a tree, apart from nest-building, is to get at the insects which damage the tree.

Edited by HARRY GILLAM

E. A. Seaman of Vienna Elected President of American Fisheries Society

At the September 11 annual meeting, Ramada Inn, Tucson, Arizona, Elwood A. Seaman, of Vienna, Virginia, was installed as president of the American Fisheries Society.

Mr. Seaman is employed as Assistant for Natural Resources Conservation, Office of The Inspector General, U. S. Air Force, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Seaman is in his 29th year in the field of conservation biology, having served in a wide range of activities. He started his career in 1939 as a Fishery Biologist for the Ohio Conservation Department, later as Chief, Fisheries Management, West Virginia Conservation Commission between 1947 and 1954. Following this he operated his own firm, Biological Consulting Service, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, which was the first full-time consulting firm in the nation concentrating on the biological aspects of waste disposal.

In 1956 Mr. Seaman joined the Sport Fishing Institute, Washington, D. C., as Executive Secretary, where he served two years. He has been since then the advisor on fish and wildlife conservation with the U. S. Air Force.

From 1957 to 1965 Mr. Seaman served as the secretary-treasurer of the American Fisheries Society and was instrumental in establishing the national office in Washington, D. C. The A.F.S., oldest scientific society in the field of natural resources, will celebrate its Centennial in 1970 in New York City, where the Society was organized. It has a world-wide membership, 5,000 strong at this time.

Commission Personnel Band 10,000 Migratory Birds

Personnel of the Virginia Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries live-trapped and banded a total of 9,686 migratory birds during 1968. Included in this total were 4,914 waterfowl and 4,772 doves. Information from band returns will provide clues to the birds' range, migration pattern and mortality rates.

Nearly 50 Tons of Game Food Planted

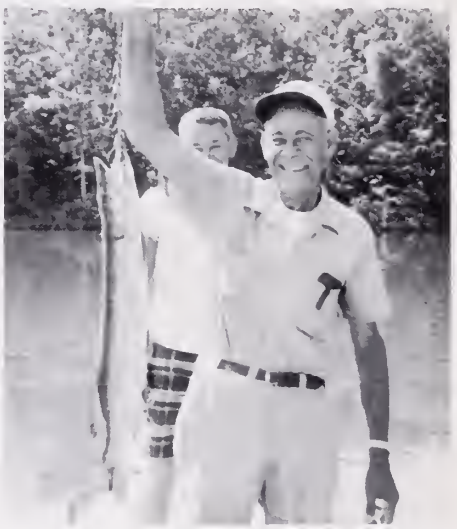
Nearly 50 tons of seed for planting wildlife food plots was distributed by the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries to some 13,311 cooperating sportsmen and landowners this spring, according to C. H. (Kit) Shaffer, Game Management Field Coordinator. The planting materials distributed included 82,706 pounds of game bird mix, 13,056 pounds of sericea lespedeza seed, and 2,288 pounds of bicolor lespedeza seed. The seeds are distributed free of charge to interested landowners and sportsmen who have lands available on which to plant the wildlife food crop.

The game bird mix, the most popular item, is a blend of soybeans, cowpeas, Korean lespedeza, German millet, brown top millet, buckwheat, milo maize and rape. It is distributed in bags containing sufficient seed to plant ⅛ acre. The annual plants in the mixture are attractive to quail, turkeys, doves, rabbits and deer.

Sericea lespedeza is primarily a cover planting which provides shelter and nesting cover for quail, rabbits and occasionally turkeys. The plants are eaten by rabbits, and quail utilize the seeds to a limited extent. Bicolor lespedeza is a shrubby plant which provides good cover and excellent food for quail and rabbits. Both of the lespedezas are perennials, and if properly planted and cared for, provide a planting which will last for many years. The annual game bird mix must be re-planted each year.

Seeds should be obtained through local game wardens in March of each year. Quantities are allocated on the basis of the acreage available for planting.

Largest Pike from Orange



Pete Gallihugh of Gordonsville holds the largest northern pike to come out of Orange County Lake to date, a 7 pound 5 ouncer. It is Gallihugh's second legal pike this summer from the lake. Most of the 26 northerns taken from the lake this season were caught in June and July.

Roanoke River Striper

This 19 pound rockfish was taken from the Roanoke River near Weldon, North Carolina, by Charlie Riverback of Richmond.

Edited by ANN PILCHER

New Rifle Club: Result of Hunting Mishaps

As a result of a series of hunting accidents in and around Rockingham County within recent years, a junior rifle club was organized during the fall of 1967 to train area youths in the proper use of firearms. Fifty-three boys and girls, ranging from 9 to 15 years of age, are now enthusiastic members of the Rockingham County 4-H Junior Rifle Club. The Club is affiliated with the National Rifle Association, which furnishes the training material, and each member earns qualification awards for achievements in shooting skills.

The course of instruction consists of one two-hour period per week for a total of six weeks, with the last consisting of range firing. Members are eligible to fire for NRA qualification after completion of the prescribed classroom instructions. No time limit is set on this. The Rockingham County-Harrisonburg Chapter of the Izaak Walton League sponsors the project and provides the indoor shooting range at its clubhouse near Harrisonburg. V. K. Begoon is the 4-H Club leader in charge of this project and initiated the program because of the hunting accidents, most of which were caused by ignorance of the basic principles of shooting safety. Course instructors Zane Hill and Mr. Begoon are both NRA certified. They are assisted in this program by D. E. Fairweather and John Petellat, all from the vicinity of Harrisonburg.

Interest in the program is growing, and other youth organizations are planning similar training sessions in the proper and safe use of firearms.

—*J. E. Thornton*, Supv. Game Biologist

Nine-year-old Kevin Hill displays badges and medals he has won for marksmanship ability.

"Professional" Angler

Joanne Lapetina (8) brought this 52 lb. citation winning black drum to gaff in 20 minutes last September 4. The James River catch was 46 inches long, with a girth of 32 inches. Joanne has fished with her father since she was three, and placed first in a local fishing contest when only 6 years old.

Junior Rifle Clubbers use indoor range at the Izaak Walton League clubhouse, shown below at left. At right Brian Rosson, Scott Burner, Cindy Baller, Sarah Hopkins, and Sheila Todd learn parts of the rifle from IWL member and chief instructor Zane Hill.

Ruritan Cites Food Patch Winners

Ruritan Zone 4 Planting Contest Chairman William H. Fadely congratulates grand prize and first-place winner Randy Bauserman as Roger Orndorff and Henry Doll display their first-place savings bond awards.

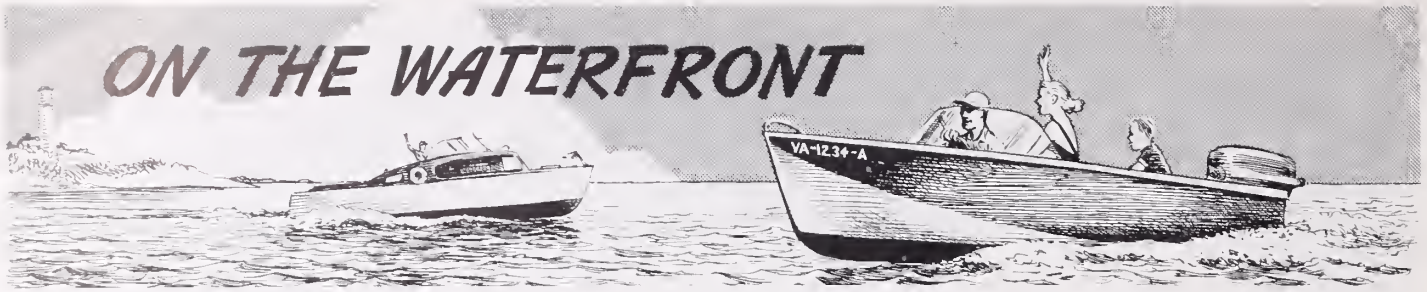
Presentation of awards to 1968 winners of the Ruritan Zone Four-sponsored Wildlife Food Planting Contest took place at the zone convention in October. Awards of $25 savings bond, $10, $5 were made to winners from each Shenandoah County high school (names listed in first, second, and third place order): *Strasburg High School*—Randy Bauserman, Billy Henry, Gerald Hodson; *Stonewall Jackson High School*—Henry Doll, Dennis Biller, Burton Runion; *Central High School*—Roger Orndorff, Noah Hepner, Fred Hepner. The grand prize, a plaque, if won two years in succession by a student of one school, is presented permanently to that school. Randy Bauserman brought that honor to Strasburg this year.

Planting was supervised by school agriculture instructors.

Beaver Colony

Adoption may seem an easy way to acquire a family, but when the family in question is a quartet of playful young beavers—look out! Better still, look into the pages of just published MY BEAVER COLONY, by Dr. Lars Wilsson, and discover a remote region in northern Sweden where a government hydroelectric project threatened a colony of beavers with extinction until Dr. Wilsson realized their plight, rescued four frisky nippers, and took them home. A fascinating glimpse of beavers in action by a man who has reared them from infancy, the book holds most appeal for animal lovers in general, contains dozens of photographs, and captures a glimpse of the wildlife world that is still a magic realm. N. Y.: Doubleday, $4.95.

ON THE WATERFRONT



Edited by JIM KERRICK

You've arrived at your favorite sailing spot, so start the family unloading the car while you untie the mast and boom.

Step the feather-weight aluminum mast in its single bolt hinge mount on deck and lift it effortlessly to the vertical, sailing position.

Mount the aluminum boom on its specially designed mast groove and bend on the sails. The main sail slides easily up the mast groove.

Trailer To Sailing In Six Minutes

Some of the big reasons for the current surge in popularity of small craft sailing are the easy to trail, easy to launch and sail fiber-glass centerboard boats in the 12 to 16 foot class now available.

A good example of a boat in this category is the Lido 14. It is an ideal family sailboat—safe to handle and hard to damage while youngsters are learning to sail, yet remarkably fast and easy to maintain. For those with strong competitive instincts, there are racing fleets all over the United States and some foreign countries.

Key to fast, easy rigging, is the hinge mount mast that steps on deck. There are only two fastenings—a single bolt that secures the base of the mast to the hinge mount on deck, and a turnbuckle on the forestay. The two side stays need to be connected to the chain plates only the first time the boat is rigged. They can be left attached thereafter, even during lay-up storage periods.

The hinge mount does double duty. It also serves as a crotch for securing the mast to the boat when trailing. To make this job even easier, many owners secure a wooden crotch, or boomkin, to the transom and a support with slots for boom and mast that fit on the hinge mount as shown in one of the photos. The arrangement accommodates both mast and boom held in place for transport by a single quick-disconnect shock cord tie down at each mount.

A specially designed tilt-up rudder combined with a pivot-type centerboard makes shallow water sailing safe and worry free—perfect for sailing from a beach or "step ashore" landing.

After outhaul line is snapped to main sail and pulled tight, you are ready for launching and a day of sailing fun. At day's end, launching procedure is reversed. Even a "green" skipper and crew would have given up only about 15 minutes of the sailing day to launching and retrieving.

Reflectors Add Safety At Night

If you have to cross many busy highways after dark when returning from a day afloat, affix several strips of reflective tape to the sides of your boat trailer to warn cars coming from the left and right of the length of your rig.

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